

Clavis Prophetica:

O R, A

*The design
Banding*

K E Y

T O T H E

PROPHECIES

O F

Monf. M A R I O N, *K*

And the other

CAMISARS.

With some Reflections on the Characters of
these New Envoys, and of Monf. F——
their Chief Secretary.

Is Saul also among the Prophets?

P A R T II. .

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by J. Morphew, near Stationers-
Hall. 1707

Chairs Prophecies:

O R A

K E Y

T O T H E

PROPHETIES

O F

MONTMARTON



CAMISSARS

With some Reflections on the Characters of
these New Prophecy, and of Mont M—
their Chief Secretary.

Is Sold also among the Prophecy

PART II.

L O N D O N.

Printed and Sold by J. Moxley, near St. Dunstons
Hall, 1767.

Clavis Prophetica:

O. R,

A Further Account, &c.

PART II.

AS soon as I had publish'd the Key to the Prophecies of Monsieur Marion, I went back again into the Country: But before I left the Town, I desired one of my Friends to send me an Account of any farther Progress this Mystery of Iniquity might make.

Several assured me, that this Matter would soon fall of itself. Some put me in mind of Gamaliel's Advice, who said, *Let these Men alone; for if this Counsel, or this Work be of Men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it.* Others thought it impossible, that our Nation shou'd suffer itself to be any longer put upon by these Strangers. But such sort of Reasonings as these, did not at all

set me at ease in this Matter ; I well knew, whatever *Gamaliel* might fancy, that there are several Projects contrived by Men, which are not yet *come to nought* ; and 'twere very easie to bring Instances enough of this, were there any need to prove it. My own Nation, tho', for the Honour of it, I am asham'd to say so, is as liable to be put upon as any other ; and I am very sorry that I am able to produce so many Proofs of it. Nothing I had yet heard advanc'd upon this Subject, was sufficient to cure me perfectly of the uneasiness I had upon me, and therefore I thought it wou'd be the best way, to desire my Friend to keep his Eye upon these Prophets, and to inform me exactly what he cou'd learn farther concerning 'em. He writ me word, some few weeks after, that these pretended Prophets had given out, That they should very quickly have the Gift of Miracles. Nay, that they boasted, That they had already wrought some. I perceive then, said I to my self, they are now satisfied, that their Affected Postures, and Extatick Motions, are not enough to prove the Divinity of their Mission. Unusual Effects are apt to surprize People at the first sight of 'em : This Surprize imposes upon their Understandings, and makes 'em believe, that there is somewhat Super-natural in these Things, but by little and little, they soon

soon come to themselves, and having had time to look into these Effects, they see clearly, that they are all Juggle and Imposture. To prevent this Discovery, our new Prophets promise Miracles, and try to work 'em. 'Twill be worth our while to enquire, whether what they call Miracles deserve that Character? I dare be positive, we shall find it to be nothing but a Mist cast before our Eyes.

As I was walking one day in my Garden, I had in my hand a Collection of the Lives of Famous Men I light by chance upon the Life of *Apollonius Tyanæus*: After I had look'd a little into it, Ha! said I, here's my Mathematician! If I cou'd believe the Doctrine of Transmigration, as *Apollonius* did, I shou'd be apt to fancy, that his Soul had pass'd into the Body of that same Virtuoso, who has made all this noise with his Prophets. There is indeed a wonderful Resemblance between 'em. I had desired my Friend to observe the Mathematician very narrowly, who, as I had heard, was the chief Spring of these Prophetick Motions, and by this means I came to know what a sort of Man he was. I found by the Story I was reading, that *Apollonius* was a Philosopher, who liv'd in the first Age, that he was a Man who set up for a Censor, and Reformer; if you'd believe him, he was a Genius above the

common Level of Mankind. He cured Distempers that were incurable: He knew all the Languages of all the Men in the World, nay, and that of Birds too: He pretended to know the Thoughts of Man's Heart, and to foretel future Events. He boasted that he knew every thing; was a Man very reserv'd, liv'd four years without Speaking: Exceeding abstemious, but so proud, that being ask'd in his Voyage to the *Indies*, that he wou'd pay the usual respect to the Image of the King of the *Parthians*? he reply'd, *He whom you adore will be too happy, if he does but deserve that I shou'd praise him.* Nay, he had even the boldness to accept the Compliments of those who treated him as God.

Men of such a Make are often of great Use in Politicks. People soon saw *Apollonius*'s weak Side; they gave him as much Incense as he pleas'd; and this was enough to fix him in the Interests of *Nerva*, against *Domitian*, whom he was otherwise no more fond of, than he was of *Nero*, against whom he had set up the Intendant of *Egypt*.

Damis, one of *Apollonius*'s Confidants, writ the Wonders of his Life. These *Memoirs* of *Damis*, fell, I know not by what accident, into the hands of *Julia*, the Wife of the Emperor *Severus*. The Empress, an hundred years after *Apollonius*'s Death, put these

these Memoirs into the hands of *Philostratus*, who made a Romance out of 'em. His design was to please, and knowing that *Julia* was devoted to *Apollonius*, he very much embellish'd these Memoirs of *Damis*, and drew the Character of this Philosopher to the utmost Advantage. He was no way sparing of Miracles, to add a Lustre to the Life he was writing ; and, upon the Credit of *Damis*, or rather of *Philostratus*, *Apollonius* had for a long time Divine Honours paid him.

Don't let me hear therefore any more of *Gamaliel's* Opinion, *That if this Work be of Men, it will come to nought*. 'Tis true indeed, the Projects of *Apollonius*, or his Followers, were at last defeated, but not till they had disturb'd the World for many Ages. *Hierocles*, at the beginning of the fourth Age, persecuted the Church. He was a Publick Governor, and tho', as such, he shed a great deal of Christian Blood, yet it may be said, that he did still more mischief, as an Author, than as a Governor. He cull'd out of the Scripture all those Passages, which had any the least appearance of Contradietion, and out of these Materials made a Book, by which he pretended to undermine the Authority of those Writings on which we build our Faith. But the Work of which he Triumph'd most, was that in which he made a Comparison
of

of Jesus Christ with *Apollonius*. *Philostrophus* his *Apollonius* work'd Miracles. Upon this Foundation *Hierocles* advances this Argument; "Your Jesus did Miracles: Be it
 "so; this is not enough to prove that he
 "was God. *Apollonius Tyanæus* did Miracles as well as he. All we conclude from
 "thence, is, That he was a Man beloved
 "of the Gods. Your Jesus had no Historians, but a few illiterate Persons who
 "told Lies in his Favour: Whereas our
 "*Apollonius* had *Maximus*, *Damis*, and *Philostrophus* to write his History, Men who
 "had no ordinary share of Erudition.

This Argument, manag'd by a dextrous Sophister, might well enough puzzle a common Understanding. It cost *Eusebius* some pains to answer it. I find in my Collection, that even after *Apollonius* had lost his credit, several Authors were under a Necessity of replying to these Sophistical Reasonings of *Hierocles*. There are still extant proofs hereof in *Lactantius*, *St. Austin*, and others. *Apollonius*, as much decried as he is, is to this very day serviceable to the Libertines, who urge the same Argument. 'Twas with this that the Author of the *Oracles of Reason*, undertook to write a Comment upon *Philostrophus*. As little a way as he went in that Work, 'tis plain, his whole Design was to take occasion from *Apollonius* to Burlesque the Christian
 Reli-

Religion. True indeed it is, that if any one will make use of his understanding, he'll plainly find, that there's no manner of Comparison between him and Jesus Christ. *Apollonius*, with his *Damis* and his *Maximus*, supported an hundred years after by *Philostratus*, is no more to be compar'd to Jesus Christ and his Evangelists, than a flash of Gunpowder is to the Sun. The Expression wont be thought too strong, after you have weigh'd the Motives of Credibility that are to be met with on each Side. There is however, some sort of an Handle from the Story of *Apollonius*, to frame an Argument Sopsitfical enough to perplex Men of weak Capacities.

After I had made some Reflections upon this Story of *Apollonius*, I said within myself, that nothing surely ought to be neglected in the first Beginnings of these Mysteries of Iniquity, and that they who frame 'em, wou'd be very well pleas'd, if the rest of the World would Reason as *Gamaliel* did; they'd soon find their account in *being let alone*; the Mathematician, who has built such mighty Projects, upon the pretended Inspirations of the three *Cevennois*, desires no other Favour. Do but let him alone, after he has once establish'd their Credit, he'll put whatever he pleases into their Mouths, and make 'em work Miracles: True or false, it matters not; no Body shall question

question 'em. *Damis* and *Maximus* shall write the *Memoirs* of 'em: The Mathematician himself shall be their Historian; he shall relate things quite otherwise than as they happen'd; he shall swear by ev'ry thing he believes most sacred, that he neither adds nor diminishes a tittle: He shall find People who will swear as he does, some of 'em against their Consciences, and others out of meer Credulity: And these *Memoirs*, as they are deliver'd down from one Generation to another, will have still fresh Additions made to 'em, as they chance to pass thro' the hands either of the Libertine, or of the Enthusiast. 'Tis this that frightens me, that there is behind the Curtain a Mathematician that plays these Puppets. If the three *Cevennois* were the only Persons concern'd in this Matter, it wou'd not have given me much disturbance, the World would soon have known 'em for what they are, and the common Contempt, or the Publick Justice of the Nation, wou'd quickly have obliged them either to have fled out of the Kingdom, or to have hid themselves in it. 'Tis the Mathematician, I own, that startles me; he is a dextrous Man, and has all the Features of *Apollonius*.

I compar'd the Account my Friend sent me, with what I had observ'd in my Collection, and I thought I saw clearly this Resemblance; but for fear I shou'd be mistaken,

staken, I resolv'd to suspend my Opinion till my return to Town, that I might see whether my Friend cou'd furnish me with any more particular History of the Mathematician; and I am now perfectly sure that I was in the right, in my first Sentiments, he is downright *Apollonius*.

Favour me, said I, I pray, with the Portraiture of him, who, they say, is going to overturn all Religion, under the pretence of Religion. I have already, says my Friend, writ you an account of what I cou'd discover upon this Subject. No matter for that, I reply'd; suppose me to have forgot it: But before you tell me nothing which you can't bring, authentick Proofs of. I wou'd not, says he, for the World, tell you any thing which I was not sure was true, and which I cou'd not well prove. Depend upon this as a certain Truth, that the Person we are speaking of, has for a considerable time apply'd himself to the Study of the Mathematicks, and has, upon this account, had such Compliments given him, as the great *Newton* himself might envy. I am not Master enough of this Science, to say whether he deserves all this Commendation. 'Tis dangerous to be too liberal of one's Praises upon this occasion; 'tis of no use, but to mislead our Mathematician into an opinion, that he sees farther and more clearly than the rest of Mankind, and that he has a right to find

fault with, and to reform every thing. He has entred himself in the Temple of *Æsculapius*, and there pretends to have learnt rare Secrets, of Sovereign Use for the cure of those Distempers that are incident to Humane Bodies. Hold, said I to my Friend, you forget who you are talking of; instead of giving me his History, you give me that of *Apollonius*, an Abridgement of whose Life I have been lately Reading. No, no, says my Friend, I never thought of *Apollonius*; I have in my mind that Philosopher, who has made such a bustle with the three *Cevennois*. He himself has been dabling in Physick, and would be thought to have made mighty Discoveries: Don't you remember what I have already told you, how much he valued himself, for having found out a Medicine for the cure of all Distempers? Perhaps I shou'd speak more properly, if I said he had bought it. I have been told, 'twas this way he came by the knowledge of this mighty Remedy. However he came by it, I don't think 'tis of any considerable value, because I don't hear that the usual Practise of the Physicians is much lessen'd by it. I won't dispute but that the Mathematician may know a great many fine Secrets in Physick; he has always had a fancy for Rarities; he never neglected an opportunity of prying into those Effects of Nature which lie most out of the way. *Wilkins* did

did not understand Mechanicks half so well ; nay, his Curiosity has carry'd him in- to the Shops of Handycrafts-men, to furnish himself with the knowledge of Arts-Manual. The Watchmakers, they say, are obliged to him, for the great Improvement that has been made in their Trade. He has, it seems, got the knack of Drilling Rubies, and even Diamonds themselves, that they may hold the Pivots of the Watch, which makes the Motion more certain, than if they were lodg'd in any Metal, which time quickly wears away.

He is acquainted also with a great many other Curiosities. I'll tell you a Story by and by, whereby you'll find, that he pretends to understand more than fifty different Languages.

Once more, said I, behold my *Apollonius* return'd ! — But go on. — You are always talking, says my Friend, of your *Apollonius* ; you may as well say, 'tis *Postel* return'd : That Impostor, himself a Jesuit, or at least an intimate Friend of the Jesuits, was us'd to boast, that he cou'd go round the World without the help of an Interpreter ; and he also turn'd our Religion into Ridicule.

I can't imagine how it comes to pass, that this *Apollonius* is always running in your Head. There are an 100 other Impostors, to whom ev'ry thing I have yet said, is as

applicable as 'tis to *Apollonius*. — Seeing my Friend a little uneasie, to be so often interrupted, Excuse a Man, said I, I beseech you, who has been lately reading the Life of *Apollonius*. I thought I saw him plainly, in the Character you have been giving me. You are a little mistaken, says he, for I never heard it said, that he whom you take for *Apollonius*, ever pretended to understand the Language of Birds: But in lieu of it, he is acquainted with a Jargon every whit as difficult, that of the *Cabbalists*. Upon this score he pretends to know every thing, and even to be able to foretel things to come. He has also another rare Secret, however he came by it, which several People have heard him talk of, and that is, a way of Perpetuating Mankind, without the help of Women. All the World laugh'd at *Paracelsus*, when he first started this whimsical Project. Our Philosopher talks of it with the utmost Gravity, as of a thing that is very possible. I'll undertake, that if he can bring this to bear, nothing else shall be impossible for him to do. Your *Apollonius* never did any thing like it. — But you'l be thinking of your *Apollonius* again, when I tell you, that our Mathematician is Reserv'd to the last degree. He has the Faculty of being three or four hours together in Company, without speaking one word. Not but that, when he

he has a mind to it, he can talk as well as other People; but very often he disdains to mix in Common Conversation. — You'll tell me, here's a piece of Pride, exactly *Apollonian*! And when I tell you farther, that he is very Abstemious, and that there was a time when he weigh'd what he eat, here too you'll fancy you see *Apollonius*. I am willing to bring you back to your Favorite Idea, having reproached you, it may be a little too freely upon this Head.

Since you give me leave, said I, to return to my first Thoughts, I'll make no difficulty to say, that one seldom sees two Persons between whom there is so near a Resemblance. *Apollonius* was a medler in State Affairs; *Nero* and *Domitian* were appriz'd of it. I don't know but our Mathematician may at last turn his Thoughts to Politicks: Perhaps he had some reason for making *Marion* say, *That God would bring about strange Revolutions in these Kingdoms*. This is said so often, and in so many different manners, that one sees plainly he was resolv'd to have it taken notice of: But 'tis all disguis'd under the Name of the Holy Spirit. We live in a Country where Men have liberty to say what they please. At the bottom, I am not so much afraid of our Mathematician's Politicks, as I am of his Designs upon Religion. I told my Friend the

the Concern I was under upon this account, and desired him, if he cou'd, to give me a still more minute Account of the Person who had given me all this uneasiness.

What I have told you hitherto, says he, may perhaps seem too general : I have still some Particulars behind, by the help of which, you may be able to frame a more exact Notion of him. You know he formerly studied Divinity; he appear'd at *Geneva* among the rest of the Candidates for the Sacred Ministry. I never heard what it was that put him out of humour with that Function. Sometimes People are not possessed of those Talents that are necessary to raise 'em to so high a Station as they aim at: And, to Men that seek their own Glory, this may be reason enough for their laying aside the thoughts of that holy Profession, that they are not like to meet with all that applause which other Men have acquired in it. Others there are, who leave off the study of Divinity upon other Motives: I never yet met with any one, who cou'd tell me what that Motive was, that weigh'd most with our Mathematician. Whatever it be, like most other Deserters, he is become the Enemy of that Divinity he has quitted ; from that moment he has declared War against it, and, I am afraid, will die with his Arms in his Hand.

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The Mathematicks have been his chief Study, ever since he renounc'd Divinity; from hence he learnt a new method of Arguing, and look'd upon every thing as false, which was not capable of this sort of Proof. When he saw that those Facts, upon which the Gospel is founded, cou'd not be prov'd by Geometrical Demonstrations, he became an Infidel. He wou'd not be convinc'd, that Men don't use to prove Matters of Fact with a pair of Compasses in their hand. About this time *Spinoza* began to be much in vogue, our Mathematician studied his System, and did what he cou'd to propagate it. He can't deny, that when he was at *Utrecht* with some Students in Divinity, he was for recommending this System to 'em. When he was tax'd with this, he reply'd, That he did it only for Talk-sake. But 'tis very easie to perceive the difference that there is between what a Man advances only to furnish matter for Conversation, or to carry on a Dispute, and between what he speaks from the bottom of his Heart. The Gentlemen who were present at this Meeting I am now speaking of, are still living; and they say they had no doubt upon 'em, but that our Mathematician spoke his Thoughts: I can't guess how he will bring himself off. Nothing is easier to be prov'd, than that upon several occasions he has given People reason to believe, that he has not one
 jot

jot of Religion; we find instances of this in all the places he has pass'd thro'. Sir R. B. and Mr. L-y, must have a good deal of Charity, if they are satisfy'd with his telling 'em, *'twas only for the sake of Conversation that I talk'd at this rate.* There is no judging of any Man's Opinions, if this excuse be admitted.

A French Minister preaching one day at the Hague, had occasion to speak of the vanity of Human Sciences, and among the rest, of that of the Mathematicks. Among other things he said, *They were not of any great use toward making Men virtuous, and were not therefore of that great Importance some People were apt to fancy 'em.* Our Mathematician happen'd to be present at this Discourse; jealous of the Honour of his favorite Science, he swore, that all the Ministers should repent of this. This Story he has often told himself. Has he been ever since this time a meditating new Schemes, for the over-turning of Religion, and cou'd he never till now meet with a favourable opportunity of putting his Designs in execution? Or did he mean no more by his threatening, than that for the time to come, he wou'd not do these Ministers the Honour of being their Auditor? If this were his meaning, he has kept his word, or at least has very seldom broke it. All things, nevertheless, continue as they were, Religion still subsists in spite of him, and his absence is
not

not much laid to heart, in any of our Churches. He threatens the Ministers, that they shall repent: The severest threatening which these Men cou'd denounce against him, wou'd be, that he shall not repent: But they are good-natur'd People, and are far from wishing him in so wretched a condition.

I perceiv'd my Friend somewhat mov'd, as he was informing me of these things, and I was afraid least, out of his great Zeal against our Mathematician, he shou'd go a little off from the Point. I want Facts, said I, we'll make our own Reflections on 'em at our leisure. Have you discover'd any thing else? Yes, without doubt, reply'd my Friend. I have learnt, that here in this Kingdom, he has got the knack of being always of the same Principles with the Company he is in. Among some People, he makes no scruple of owning himself a Disciple of *Spinoza*. Does he fall into the Company of the *Socinians*? He wou'd die a Martyr for *Socinianism*. Does he meet with good honest Men, who are for keeping close to their Catechism? he astonishes 'em, by the Doubts he raises concerning the Holy Scripture; and in his Explication of these Doubts, so amuzes 'em, that they scarce know where they are; When he puts on the Air of Good-nature, and Honesty, you'd think Sincerity it self spoke

out of his Mouth; and that he had no other
 design but to inform and to save Mankind.
 If this be his Character, said I, he'll soon
 encrease the number of his Followers.
 Those who wish well to *Spinoza's* Scheme,
 will declare in favour of him, and assist him
 in his Designs against Religion. The *Socinians*
 taking him to be a Person of their Senti-
 ments, will think themselves very happy,
 that they have such a Man at the Head of
 'em; and as for those whose Faith concern-
 ing the Divine Authority of the Holy Scri-
 ptures, he has shaken, he will be almost
 able to lead 'em which way ever he pleases.
 At first, that he mayn't shock 'em, he'll be
 content to make 'em *Socinians*; after that,
 he'll carry 'em greater Lengths. In Truth,
 said I, this Mathematician, as you describe
 him to me, is a very dangerous Person; he
 is much worse than *Spinoza* himself: That
 impious Writer appear'd openly, and with-
 out disguise; every Body abhorr'd him,
 because every Body saw what he was dri-
 ving at. But this Man acts his Part with
 much greater dexterity, he discovers or
 conceals himself, so as he may best work
 upon the People he has to do with. If he
 can but at last convince Men, that 'tis the
 Spirit of God which moves these three
French Machines, he will then be in a con-
 dition to establish *Spinoza's* Creed, with all
 that advantage which is peculiar to a Re-
 velation

velation that comes down from Heaven. This, I own to you, frightens me. But is there no possibility of bringing him to Reason, by the assistance of some eminent Divines? You have no knowledge of the Man, reply'd my Friend; he thinks he knows more than all of them put together. When he has been desired to have some conference with 'em, (which is what you seem to mean) he has spoke of 'em with the utmost Contempt, and has plainly said, *That if any of 'em shou'd set a Foot within his Doors, he wou'd drive them out again with disgrace:* And no one cares to be us'd at this rate. I tell you nothing but what he himself must own to be true, if he had one jot of Sincerity: But since this is not a virtue for his purpose, I dare not appeal to him himself: I can only say, that this I have been assur'd of by Persons of the best Credit.

Could you think that such a Man as this shou'd ever be chose for a Tutor? I know whereabouts you are, said I; I have heard before, that he has been thought fit for this Employment. I cou'd never discover, nor can I yet find out, what there is in him to charm People into this Opinion of him. The only thing that can be said, is, that they did not know him. I leave it to others to enquire, whether a Man wholly taken up with his Mathematicks, is a fit Person to bring young Gentlemen acquainted with

the World? 'Tis to be fear'd, that under such a Guide, they must needs make a great many false Steps, in a Country where People don't conduct themselves by Geometrical Demonstrations. But that which gives me the most pain, is to see a young Gentleman put under the care of a Governor, who has no other Religion but his Mathematicks. 'Tis with the deepest Concern, that I behold our Noblemen and our Gentlemen no more careful than they are, to what sort of Governor they commit the Education of their Children. They seldom trouble themselves to enquire whether he has a true Sense of Religion, if he has Friends, or knows a little of the World, he is fit enough to make a Governor; and under his Tuition the young Gentleman is to go thro' a course of Impiety, for the space of three or four years. 'Tis easie to foresee what must be the Consequence of this: The poor Gentleman having lost all those Ideas of Religion which he once had, delivers himself over to his Passions, at an Age when they are most boisterous, and so returns from his Travels, thoroughly furnish'd with every thing that is necessary to make an accomplish'd Libertine. Sometimes indeed, by the help of a good Natural Disposition, or by the extraordinary Interposition of Divine Grace, one or two Persons may perhaps get the better of this dangerous

gerous Temptation, but this happens but very rarely. All Men are, in my opinion, so much concern'd in Interest, to give their Children the advantage of a good Education, that they can't be too circumspect in their choice of a Governor. The first question that shou'd be ask'd, is, Whether he has a just Sense of Religion; other Advantages are not of near so great Importance. 'Tis possible indeed to be deceiv'd even in this Case. Our Mathematician plainly disguised himself, when he pretended to lay open all his Sentiments; he had got the trick of putting on whatever Form of Religion he pleas'd, and so cou'd easily enough impose upon the World.

Some time after this, he set up for a Cabalist, and some were apt to fancy that he had too much Religion, rather than too little, since such sort of Pretensions as these seem'd to carry in him an Air of Superstition. We have a Maxim in Philosophy which is applicable enough to the Case before us, *He that proves too much, proves nothing.* A Man who has bid defiance to all Religion, grows on a suddain wond'rous fond of the Cabalistical Art; discovers those things in the Scriptures which no Body else can see there, and finds Mountains of Sciences in every Syllable of that Book, which he before despised. This over-acting of his
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Part is very much to be suspected; the Mind of Man does not go so fast from one Extreme to another; it looks all like Design and Artifice. They who have a mind to deceive themselves, will say, The Man is an Enthusiast; we must pardon him these little Ravings. But others draw from hence very different Inferences, and think they see clearly in this new Jargon, a study'd Affectation, much more dangerous than an open and avow'd Defence of *Spinoza*. However, by these Mystical Airs he has given himself, he has very artfully prepared the way, for a more favourable Reception of the Play he is now acting. No Body could have been deceived by him, if at the same time that he was propagating *Spinoza's* Errors, he had set up the three *Cevennois*. All the World would have then seen, that his Tongue and his Heart did not go together, but he has study'd the Language of the *Cabbala*, and, by the help of a few Principles, of which he does not believe one Syllable, has misled some People into an Opinion, that he has found out a sort of a Philosopher's Stone, for the understanding of the Scriptures: For, you must know, that he vends his Merchandise with all the Assurance of the most dextrous Mountebank, and with an Air of Gravity, which is very apt to deceive; a great many good honest People have been imposed

sed upon by it. This it is that made way
 for his entrance upon his new Office, of be-
 ing Secretary to these Prophets. Men ad-
 mired the Piety he shews, in attending
 'em with all diligence, and with his Pen al-
 ways in his hand. They say, What shou'd
 he follow 'em for, if he did not believe 'em?
 A Philosopher, as he is, wou'd not prosti-
 tute his Character to attend upon these 3
 poor Refugees, if he were not fully satisfied
 that they were truly Inspired. There are
 but few indeed that reason after this man-
 ner; most People, who throughly know the
 Man, are from hence the more confirm'd
 in their Opinion, that this is all an Impo-
 sture. They observe, it is not natural for a
 Man of his Principles, and his Pride, to
 make himself a Slave to these three *Ceven-
 nois*; and from hence they conclude, That
 it is not out of a Principle of Piety that he
 follows them; they think rather, that these
 are very heavy Machines, when he does not
 move 'em. His presence is absolutely ne-
 cessary, to put 'em into such a motion as can
 give any the least satisfaction to the Lookers
 on: He's sure to be always behind the Cur-
 tain, if it happens that his Machines are
 any way out of order, he sets 'em to rights
 again; if his Actors chance to forget any
 thing of their Part, he is ready to supply
 the defect, by the help of his Pen: He writes
 down what they never said, and what he
 has

has a mind to have 'em say. If you ask them the meaning of any of their Inspirations, they'll tell you frankly, *Ask Monsieur such a one, he understands that better than we do.* Sometimes the Secretary takes the liberty to answer these Questions, before he is ask'd 'em; the concern he is under, for fear his People shou'd say too much, puts him under a Necessity of preventing their Answer; he is always upon the watch on this score.

I tell you nothing but what I have had from Persons of the best Credit; several of our own Nation have assur'd me, that he has always taken upon him to answer those Difficulties which they have started to the *Cevennois*, and I don't doubt but that the *French* have made the same Observation. He shou'd let the Inspired speak for themselves, if he wou'd perswade us that he has no share in their Inspirations. 'Tis impossible to alledge any thing against this, which has the shew of an Answer.

But somewhat perhaps may be urg'd, to weaken the Force of these Arguments, which seem to shake the Credit of the Secretary. It may be said, That tho' he had a mind to impose upon the People, yet 'tis not in his Power, since he is not the only Person that writes down their Prophetick Warnings, and since 'tis their custom to compare together all which each of the Secretaries have

have writ apart. But this Argument is of no manner of weight ; for we say, that for the most part, the Secretary has beforehand taught his Prophets their Lesson ; so that what he writes after 'em being nothing else but what he had before dictated to 'em, the concurrence of all the Secretaries is of no force at all, to justifie him against the charge of Insincerity ; since these Prophets ascribe the Dictates of their Secretary to the Inspirations of the Holy Spirit. Sometimes indeed they speak things of their own Head, nor is there need of any assistance to say an hundred and an hundred such Things, as they are often heard to say from time to time. If their Memory happens to fail 'em, or if by any other accident they shou'd chance to say an odd thing or two, 'tis but having recourse to the Collections of their Secretaries, and all will be well. In these Collections there are always some Blanks to be fill'd, and sometimes a Dispute has arisen about the filling 'em ; one says one thing, and another another, but our Mathematician always carries it, and adds to, or blots out of these Inspirations, whatever he pleases. There are those who will tell him to his Face, that they have seen him, with a Magisterial Air, erase three whole Lines out of the Minutes of the two other Secretaries, tho' they writ at the same time with him.

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They were somewhat angry at this, but they were forc'd to strike Sail, and to be content to have it thought, that they had added three whole Lines of their own Head; 'twas to no purpose for 'em to affirm, that they had writ nothing but what they heard, the Correction was not to be disputed; and this makes it plain, that, at the bottom, 'tis much the same thing as if our Mathematician was the only Secretary.

Here I stop'd my Friend, to tell him, that I had observ'd a thing in Mr. L--y's Prophecies, which seem'd to have some respect to this Secretaryship; 'tis in the Inspiration of the twelfth of *July* last; one sees there, that the Spirit of Mr. L--y, promis'd him and his Brother *the Gift of Writing*; and by the Marginal Note it appears, that the Mathematician is that Brother; so one wou'd guess by the Letters one sees there. Now I wou'd fain know what is here meant by *this Gift of Writing*? without doubt it is not the Talent of writing a good Hand. No, says my Friend, those Words relate to the Sense, rather than to the Character. I am not yet satisfied, said I, with this answer: I agree with you, that this promise ought to be understood concerning the Sense of what is to be writ; but I am still at a loss to know, whether Mr. *Lacy's* Spirit promises his Brother the Gift of writing good Sense, or of writing Elegantly, or of writing the Truth?

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The Mathematician has a long time pretended to have his share of good Sense, and of Eloquence, and it cannot be deny'd, by what has yet appear'd of his, but that there is some ground for his pretensions. Does the promise then relate only to the Gift of writing the Truth? Indeed he has need of it, but how is this to be reconciled with what he has been all this while writing, even to this day? Will it be said, that he is not yet possess'd of this Gift that has been promis'd him? But then, if before this he had not the gift of writing sincerely, what must we think of all his former Relations?

You have not yet hit the Mark, says my Friend, the *Gift of Writing* signifies in this place, the Gift of writing in his own Closet whatever he pleases, and every thing which falls from his Pen, shall be receiv'd as the Oracles of God. You encrease my Fears, said I, the Mathematician will from henceforward pretend, that his Books are so many Gospels. If he can but once perswade the World, that he is actually Endow'd with the Gift that has been promis'd him, we shall then be in great danger of having all Religion over-turn'd. Hitherto this Projector has been under some restraint, he has dictated to his Prophets every thing of any moment that they have said; this gives him some trouble; he has taken the liberty to rectifie, as he calls it, the Minutes of his

Fellow-Secretaries, or, as they ought rather to be called, of his Clerks ; however he is at present oblig'd to have some regard to 'em: Be they the most abject Creatures in World, who have the least Sense of Honour that's possible, yet they will never endure to have the Lye perpetually given 'em, under the name of Corrections. The Mathematician will be now no longer under these Restraints, he will have the *Gift of Writing*; we shall see all his own wild Notions cloath'd with the venerable Name of the Holy Spirit ; the Title of his Books will be, a Treatise upon such or such a Subject, written under the operation of the Holy Spirit. Who wou'd not fear so dangerous a Stratagem ?

You have writ me an account of some other Particulars, which I shou'd be glad you wou'd repeat, that we may make our Reflections thereupon. I remember you insisted pretty much upon the great care our Mathematician took, to correct or explain his Prophets, and your design was to convince me, that it was he himself who was, in truth, the Spirit that Inspired 'em.

If I am not mistaken, reply'd my Friend, I told you, I had been positively assur'd, that C——, he of the three Prophets who makes the most noise, had declared, that he did not understand what it was that the Spirit made him speak. *It is not I that speak,*
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he was us'd to say, *I have so little share in it, that I don't know what it is that I say in my Inspirations; nor do I remember a word of it after it is over; if no Body was to tell me what I had said, I shou'd know nothing of it.* By this means he impos'd upon some few People, who, without ever examining the matter, declar'd, that it must needs be some one else who spoke by his Mouth. This trick was of some use to him, but it involv'd him nevertheless in great Difficulties. C—— boasted, that he had had an Inspiration in the bottom of a Dungeon, where he was all-alone, and reported what the Spirit had said to him. *How come you to know this,* says some Body to him, *since you tell us that you don't understand a word that the Spirit speaks by your Mouth, and that you can remember nothing of it?* C—— had not a Syllable to say in answer to this Objection. One might have objected farther, and have observ'd how absurd it is, to suppose that the Holy Spirit shou'd speak to a Man who is incapable of understanding him. The Style of the pretended Inspirations runs thus, *I tell thee, my Child, I command thee, my Child, fear not, my Child.* We see here the Spirit addresses himself to the pretended Prophet, whom he calls his Child. Now can any thing be more ridiculous, than to talk to a Man whom one has made Deaf? 'Tis as if a Master shou'd first stop the Ears of his Servant, and then give him his Orders. But the

main difficulty is this; since the pretended Prophets know nothing of what the Spirit says by their Mouth, 'tis easie to forge these Inspirations, and the Secretaries, Men subject to error, may make the Spirit say whatever they please. These Difficulties were so considerable, that the Mathematician, with all his subtilty, cou'd not tell how to extricate himself out of 'em. He was forc'd to make his Prophets change their note, and say, that they had some sort of an Idea of what they had Prophesied, sometimes more, sometimes less distinct; so that upon the reading of what had been written from their Mouths, they could very well distinguish what they had, and what they had not said. Tho' this did not perfectly remove all the Difficulties that had been started, yet it was enough, in the hands of a Man who knew how to put the best Face upon the Trash he was to put off.

I will give you still farther Proofs of his dexterity. There had been Collected by the *French*, some Materials toward compiling an History of the Morals of the three *Cevennois*; they had furnish'd out matter enough for very large Memoirs: No Body cou'd imagine that the Holy Spirit shou'd, three or four times aday, make use of such impure Organs to preach Repentance, and to denounce against Sinners the just Judgments of God. What we know of the An-

cient

cient Prophets gives us a quite different Idea of the methods of the Holy Spirit of God. With this Prejudice about one, 'tis scarce possible to believe, that in these our days God shou'd chuse, for the extraordinary Ministers of his Word, Men who still smell of that strange Fire, with which they have, at other times, burnt. Such a Difficulty as this is enough to perplex an ordinary Mathematician, but this of ours has his Expedients for every thing. When this Objection was started, he cou'd not deny, but that one of his Prophets at least had given occasion for it; but then he said, that the antient Prophets were not perfectly Holy, and that the Adultery of *David* was a Proof of this. You can't conceive how much this answer reviv'd the little Congregation, sufficiently frightened with the apprehension of having their Prophets attack'd, on that side where they lay so open. I find, said I, that a very slight answer serves with some People, to remove a very terrible Objection; for if it can be prov'd, that ever since they have pretended to be Inspired, they have still liv'd in a State of Libertinism, this Solution of the Mathematicians can never screen 'em from the indignation of the People, who, whatever he may say, will never be perswaded that the antient Prophets were Libertines; and who well know, that tho' *David* fell, yet it was before his Fall,

or

or after his Repentance, that he discharg'd the Office of a Prophet. Let it be but well prov'd, that the three *Cevennois* are, or have been Libertines, and 'twill be to no purpose to talk of their being Inspired; the World will never believe that they have any thing Divine in 'em. I confess to you, I am somewhat surpriz'd, that the *French*, who are particularly concern'd to give us all the light they can in this Matter, have not yet publish'd these Memoirs which they have prepared; it looks as if all this had been talk'd of only to create in the Minds of Men, an ill Opinion of these pretended Prophets, and that they are not, at the bottom, so black as they have been represented; for why shou'd not you discover their Crimes, if you know 'em?

Here my Friend stopp'd me short, and said, I have my self propos'd this Difficulty to a *Frenchman*, and he answer'd me, 'Tis not for want of Matter that we have been silent upon this occasion, we have indisputable Proofs to make good every thing that we have said of these vile Impostors, but we don't care to be the occasion of a Controversie between them and those Persons who are acquainted with their Irregularities. If any one happens to have spoke ill of 'em, and this comes to their Ears, he is sure to be threatned, and these threatnings, how impotent soever, are yet apt to make an impression upon Tradesmen, and upon every one else that
love

love their ease : Besides, we are now least of all concerned in this Affair. We Frenchmen are quite sick of this Masquerade ; some of us have retreated without making any noise, others have publickly avow'd, that they have repented of their Credulity. I don't find that these Impostors get the least ground among us ; those of our Countrymen who still follow 'em, wou'd be ashamed of their numbers, if they were not kept in countenance by you Englishmen ; the Mischief has spread chiefly among you ; 'tis your business to put a stop to the growing Contagion. I cou'd not but think that this Frenchman had some little colour of a pretence for this his Plea ; but methoughts it might be still farther said, That if these Memoirs of theirs were enough to satisfy our Nation, that all this noise ow'd its first rise to a parcel of Libertines, there wou'd then be no need of any other method to stop the course of this Mischief ; and may we not reasonably expect, that these Strangers whom we protect with so much Charity, shou'd contribute all they can to our ease and quiet ? I parted with my Frenchman somewhat coolly, by which he saw that I was not very well satisfied with his excuse. If he had given me any reason to believe that he had design'd to go on with his Memoirs, which, in my opinion, wou'd be of great Service, I wou'd have help'd him to one Fact which I

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wou'd have have desired him to have inserted.

There was a certain Nonconformist Minister, who, for a good while, had a very favourable Opinion of these three *Cevennois*; whether it was out of Charity or Credulity it matters not, he was very well pleas'd with their Visits, and was a witness of their Extasies. One day one of 'em being under great Agitations, was all over Sweat, and had his Hair tangled: Assoon as he had play'd his Part, he retired into another Room, where a good comely Youth was helping him to disentangle his Hair; on a suddain, another sort of Inspiration seiz'd the Prophet. The young Man, who had not Faith enough for this, fled away from him, and made his complaint to the Minister. This is a thing that wants to be set in a true Light. What they say, is, That the young Fellow is a Banterer, and loves to make Stories. But ever since this accident, he has disappear'd, and the Minister has taken a civil Leave of the Prophet. This Fact, well clear'd, wou'd deserve a place in the Memoirs, which I shou'd be glad to see publish'd; for, in my judgment, such a Collection wou'd do the most of any thing, toward dismounting all the Engines of our Mathematician; no Body cou'd ever believe, that the Holy Spirit wou'd make so ill a choice of his Prophets.

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I have been already inform'd, that the Mathematician is of great use to these Prophets, and that he is always at hand to bring 'em out of all their scrapes.

If they have unluckily mark'd out the precise Time in which God shall display his Judgments, and, after that time has been expired, have been put in mind of their mistake, their never-failing Commentator, makes 'em say, that Days, in their Style, stand for Years. *Pharaoh shall fall in a few Days, I tell thee, my Child, in a few Days thou shalt depart from this Country.* When it has been objected, that this is not yet fulfilled, tho' there have several Months pass'd since it was first foretold, the Mathematician has answered, *Poor ignorant People! Don't ye yet know how to compute after the manner of the Prophets?* Tho' he shou'd have occasion to turn these Days into so many thousand Years, this wou'd not at all embarrass him; for, since God has declar'd, that *a thousand years are in his sight but as one day*, he wou'd, by the help of this Principle, have a pretence in readiness to salve the Honour of these Predictions. This being the Case, 'tis in vain for us to demand that they wou'd fix some certain Time for the accomplishment of their Predictions, that so we may judge, by the Event, whether they come from God. They do but Banter us when they talk of Weeks, or Months, or

Years; we flatter our selves, that we shall live long enough to see these Prophecies fulfilled, and when the period foretold is just at hand, or we fancy it to be so, then they talk to us of a Prophetick Calculation of Time. If by chance any thing falls out which has the least resemblance to what they foretold, they cry out presently, *Did not we tell you of this beforehand?* Then their Time shall be reckon'd according to the common Computation. Don't you remember how the Prophets and their Friends triumph'd some Months ago, when they saw the great quantity of Flies that fell in some parts of this City? The City had been threatned with the most terrible Judgments by these Prophets; by good luck, it all ended in a little shower of Flies. This Phænomenon, tho' it be not altogether new, is yet somewhat rare, and in that surprize which it occasioned, it was natural enough for some People to think of what had been foretold. If it had been any thing considerable, to be sure they wou'd have said, *Behold the accomplishment of what we foretold!* But every Body being now satisfied that there is nothing preter-natural in it, they have recourse to their old distinction between Prophetick and Natural Time.

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There is one instance, says my Friend, in which this distinction will do 'em no Service: The Spirit had foretold something which was to be accomplish'd in three Weeks at farthest: Before this time was expired, we were to see God Raining down terrible Judgments upon the City of *London*. A Man of good credit went to the Mathematician, and said, Sir, *here is a report, that your Prophets, about ten days ago, have foretold, that in three Weeks there shall appear some visible Sign of the Divine Vengeance against this City: Now, pray Sir, what do you understand by these three Weeks? are they Natural or Prophetick Weeks?* Upon which the Mathematician answer'd, " We have sometimes taken the liberty, when any of the Prophets have been in an Extasie, to ask the Holy Spirit the meaning of any thing that seem'd doubtful; and being ask'd concerning these three Weeks, he answer'd, That we were to understand 'em according to the common Computation, and that the Wrath of God was wax'd so hot against this Nation, that he wou'd not delay his Judgments, tho' his Servants shou'd entreat him never so earnestly.

I desired the Mathematician that he wou'd tell me some Circumstances of this approaching Judgment; he answer'd, " That the week before, the Spirit had said to one
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“ of his Prophets, My Child, the Heaven shall be as clear as it is now, at the time when I will pour down my Judgments upon this City; all of a suddain the Air shall be cover'd with thick darkness.

The Mathematician added, as his own private Opinion, “ That he believ'd this
 “ might be some contagious Distemper,
 “ which wou'd be general, but that the *Re-*
 “ *fugees* wou'd have a greater share of it
 “ than other People.

All the little Prophetick Assembly expected with great impatience the expiration of these three Weeks; the one and twentieth day they look'd upon as the critical Day, at the end of which they shou'd be able to judge of the Mission of these Prophets: And 'twas indeed a critical Day, but in another Sense than they meant it; for since these Prophecies were not fulfilled upon that day, this ought to convince all those who took 'em as Heavenly Predictions, that they were grossly mistaken.

I cou'd never hear what they alledg'd after this, to retrieve the Credit of their Prophets. Nothing can be plainer: it can't be said that they meant Prophetick Weeks, or that God, mov'd by the Prayers of his Children, had kept back his Arm. These two excuses are out of Doors, after they have made God explain himself upon this matter,
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there is no room to say any thing, but that this Prediction did not come from him.

I remember one Fact more, which they have very unfortunately put to the account of the Holy Spirit. The Mathematician, as he had been inform'd by his Prophets, told a Gentleman, That the Ministers of the *Savoy* went such a day to the Queen, to beseech Her Majesty that she wou'd put a stop to this Affair; and that the Queen had return'd 'em an answer which cover'd 'em with Confusion. Well, says the Gentleman, and have you enquired whether this be so or not? No, says the Mathematician, I have no doubt of it, since the Prophets have told me so; the Spirit instructs them, and I desire no other Voucher. The Gentleman admired the Faith of the Mathematician, and made a strict enquiry at Court concerning the Truth of this Story, where he was assur'd, that upon the day they had mentioned, there had been no one *French* Minister within the Gates of the Palace. I know 'tis the common method of these *Monseurs*, that when they have the least hint of any thing, they foretel it in their Inspirations, to make the World believe that they know every thing; but for this once they were deceiv'd.

I can't for my heart conceive, said I, how a Man of any Spirit can, for so long a time, act the Part which this Mathematician has acted.

acted. I'll tell you a Story, says my Friend, which will satisfie you, that he will do or say any thing. One day a very honest Man, somewhat vex'd with the sight he had of these Prophets, in a certain House in *Red-Lyon-Square*, came and address'd himself to the Mathematician, who, he had been told, was a Man of Learning, and at the same time a great admirer of these Prophets, whose words he had seen him write with a great deal of care. After some Compliments had pass'd between 'em, he said, But Sir, did you never doubt of the Sincerity of these Men? Yes, says the Mathematician, I have had some doubts, and that which chiefly occasioned 'em, was, that Monsieur *Fage* sometimes talk'd strange Languages in his Extasies; I was told the very words themselves, and I found that they were for the most part Monosyllables, which made me think that they were *Chinese*, or some other Oriental Language; after I had examin'd 'em very nicely, I found I knew nothing of 'em. This startled me; I suspended my opinion. *Fage* in one of his Extasies said, That the next time he spake, he shou'd speak an unknown Language. I follow'd him closely, that I might not miss the opportunity. Sometime after this, *Fage* was in an Extasie in a good deal of Company, but twas an Extasie in which he said nothing. He told me afterwards, with a sorrowful Heart,

Heart, that he had offended the Spirit, by stifling his Inspiration, and that he had done this by reason that some Ministers were then present. I follow'd him into another House: As soon as *Fage* fell into his Extasie, he spoke to this purpose, *My Child, I am going to pour down terrible Judgments upon thy Enemies, and my last Sentence shall be Tring, Trang, Twang, Twing, Fling, Flang, &c.*

These words astonish'd me, I understood nothing of 'em, tho' there are two and fifty Languages to which I am no stranger. I went away very much out of humour, that we had been so long put upon, both I and my Friends. Well, says the Gentleman, and how did you get rid of this Difficulty? Why I pray'd, I begg'd earnestly of God, that he wou'd direct me whether I ought to reject these Prophets or not, and I look upon the constant Inclination which I have had ever since to follow 'em, as an Answer to my Prayers: Ever since that time, I esteem'd my doubts as a temptation which God permits, for the tryal of my Faith: I made also this Reflection, that the words which I understood not, might possibly be an allusion to the Custom of the *Jews*, who, in obedience to their Law, never gave more than forty Strokes to any Criminal, and 'twas much about the same number of unknown words that I heard pronounc'd. 'Tis very possible, that the Holy Spirit might

condescend to express himself in words that imitated the sound of Blows, just as a Pavier by his *Hems* keeps time with the Strokes of the Instrument with which he Paves.

The Gentleman was not at all satisfied with this Explication, and the less so, because he knew *Fage* had said, That that Nation which spoke this Language, shou'd have the Gospel preach'd to 'em in a very little time. Sometimes, says he, these Words must stand for Sounds, by which the Holy Spirit represents those Blows he designs to strike; and at other times they must be understood to be a National Language: I don't know how to reconcile all this.

This is, said I, the most curious History yet extant; there needs nothing else to do the Mathematician's business, if it was but a little more known. I will entertain some of my Friends, who have but a superficial knowledge of him, with the recital of it; they are Men of Reflection, and will not fail to make proper Remarks. Several things there are that deserve to be expos'd, but I don't care to amuse my self about 'em. I rather choose to enquire of you, whether you have discover'd any more particularities in our Mathematician? I have made no enquiry, says my Friend, into his Character, but so far as it relates to the Part he has Acted in concert with these Prophets: I

have

have however somewhat, behind which may serve for a part of that Entertainment which you design to give some of your Friends. I have been told, that one of these Prophets being in an Extasie, had got his Head quite under the Chair: The Mathematician desires some Body that stood by, to take the Candle and see whether his Eyes were shut; when he was told that he had his Eyes open, take away the Candle, says the Mathematician, for that may spoil the Vision. But he did not say this seriously, said I; Yes, without doubt, reply'd my Friend, I have been assured that he spoke with the utmost gravity; that is his Character, he always says those things with the most profound Seriousness, which no Body else can say without Laughing. In Truth, said I, I cou'd not have kept my Countenance upon this occasion, the Mathematician's gravity, wou'd have spoilt mine.

This Story, says my Friend, is nothing, in comparison with what I am going to tell you. Give me leave only to say this, that I tell you nothing but what I have from the first Hand; I dont talk from Common Fame, but upon the Credit of Eye-witnesses, who are ready to affirm upon Oath the Truth of what they have told me; if I had not so good Authority, I shou'd not my self know how to believe what I am going to tell you. C——, one of these

Prophets had had a Vision in his Extasie, but he cou'd not remember what it was that he had seen. The Truth is, he had seen nothing. But this does not perplex the Mathematician; he pretends that nothing can escape his Divination. I am acquainted with the *Revelations*, says he, and upon this he takes his Pen and draws seven Circles, one within another. This frightens me, said I; I have heard that the Magicians do strange things with these Circles, Listen to what follows, says my Friend; about every Circle he made a great many little Figures, after which he applies himself to the Prophet, and says, *Did not you see a Black Horse? Did you not see a Bay Horse? &c.* To every Question the Prophet answer'd, *Yes.* And from all this there arose a Vision, which the Secretary inserted in his Registers. Don't interrupt me, I am going to tell you another Story of the same sort. The same Prophet, form'd for Bantering, had another Vision; he had quite forgot what it was; but there is nothing can be lost in the Mathematician's Company, he is more subtle than the Magicians of *Babylon*, he can tell the Interpretation of Dreams, and the Dreams themselves. All the Prophet cou'd say, was, That it was the same Vision which he had had eight days before. The Registers were searched, but no Vision cou'd be found. Oh! says the Mathematician,

tician, I remember what it was; was it not an Army? Yes, reply'd the Prophet. Well, and did it not consist of Horse and Foot? Yes: And was there not on the right Hand somewhat like a Rock, and on the other side a Precipice? Yes: And was there not a General? To all which the Prophet answered, Yes. He was a little embarrass'd, when some Body ask'd him, who that General was? But one of the Sub-Secretaries soon interpos'd, and cry'd, was it not the Word? Yes, yes, reply'd the Prophet, 'twas the very same. The Mathematician, with great Devotion, entred the Vision, and retired.

This great exactness of his, in Collecting every thing that he heard, and some things that he did not hear, was rewarded by a very solemn Benediction, which Mr. L---y pronounc'd the 23 day of *July*. There was a short Prologue, after which a young Girl, pretending to be in an Extasie, went and took the Mathematician by the Hand, and obliged him to kneel down upon his Knees, before Mr. L---y. Mr. L---y made a Prayer, in which, after Expressions of his great confidence in God, he made a Panegyrick upon the Candidate. The Prayer being ended, he pronounc'd his Consecration, *in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*. Never had a Prophet a more pompous Mission: An Interest

terest with God ; the Power of Life and Death ; the Gift of Tongues ; the Gift of Healing ; the Gift of discerning of Spirits, were all conferr'd upon him, nothing was omitted. ' Thy Prayer to me is a Com-
 ' mand ; thy Word, when I see fit, to strike
 ' with immediate Death ; thy Word shall
 ' be the Call to me ; therefore don't spare
 ' nor pity ; was it not my Command, that
 ' my antient *Israel* shou'd not spare the Ca-
 ' nanites ? Did not I command the *Levites*
 ' to execute my Justice upon their own Kin-
 ' dred ? That Command I give every one
 ' of my Children, whom I give the Power
 ' of Life and Death to. Do you think the
 ' Blessed Spirits, the Saints in Heaven, have
 ' any concern for their Relations, lying un-
 ' der my avenging Eternal Wrath ? You
 ' must prepare your Souls for the same frame
 ' with the Saints above, where they sing my
 ' Praises, for the Vengeance I am taking
 ' now upon the Earth ; for I have now, now
 ' begun, and you shall soon hear Evidences
 ' of it. I do not invest thee only with Pow-
 ' ers of Terror, no, thou shalt have those
 ' placid Gifts likewise, to recommend thee
 ' to the softer Minds ; I will give thee Elo-
 ' quence charming, I will give thee Lan-
 ' guages fluent, I will give thee Healing, a
 ' Power of discerning Spirits, &c.

Tho' this Commission seems to run in
 very full and large Terms, yet the Spirit of
 Mr.

Mr. L——y, finding that the Secretaries had copy'd it out but very imperfectly, judg'd it expedient that he shou'd throw himself into another Extasie, where he said, *The omissions that have been made, shall be no prejudice to thee, &c.* Without this addition, the Mathematician's Patent might have been defective; but a Man need not fear losing any thing when he has the Spirit so near him: No one can now doubt, but that the Secretary is become a Prophet; under this Character he may put in practice a thousand of those fine Secrets he is already Master of, and kill whom he pleases.

You pretend to laugh, said I to my Friend, and, for my part, I tremble. Now after this Consecration, when the Mathematician, who is so great a Master of Legerdemain, shall have a mind to cast a mist before the Eyes of the Spectators, they'l presently cry out, *a Miracle!* not knowing how to distinguish the Miracles of God, from the Tricks of the Mathematician. These Spectators will swear to the Truth of this, or People may believe 'em upon their bare word.

These Miracles, by that time they are got to York, will be very much enlarged by the way. If C——, who is an admirable Tumbler, happens to fall down three or four steps without hurting himself, 'twill be said, That he threw himself from the top of the Monument to the bottom; or, That he walk'd from Steeple to Steeple, as a Man

wou'd do in plain ground. I have seen our antient Legends where there is somewhat like this. I dread Common Fame, it strangely magnifies Objects from place to place, and from Age to Age; this frightens me, I own to you.

My Friend seeing me, as he thought, too much chagrin'd, said, Don't disquiet yourself, this will all be over in a little time; when Mr. L--y can or will no longer furnish 'em with Money, his Congregation will be strangely enlighten'd in their Judgments, the Deserters will confess what they know of the Cheat, and undeceive such as had too favorable an opinion of it. Besides, Mr. L--y, by the Books he prints, and the Miracles he pretends to work, lays himself so very open, that he must needs, in a little time, do his own business, without troubling any one else to help him; not that I wou'd put him into the the number of the *French* Prophets, he is a Prophet of quite another sort. But this I must say, That what he has publish'd for the Information of the World, is a plain proof, that his *Inspirations* do not come from God. I have carefully examin'd 'em, and whenever you please to command me, will undertake to prove, that they are the best remedy in the World to cure you of your fright. You'll do me a great favour, said I, for I must confess to you, that notwithstanding all you have yet said, I can't help being afraid of *Apollonius* and his Train.



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